

Thanksgiving Turkey.

Valleys lay in sunny vapor,
And a radiant mild was shed
From each tree that like a taper
At a feast stood. Then we said,
"Our feast, too, shall soon be spread,
Of good Thanksgiving turkey."

And already still November
Drapes her snowy table here,
Fetch a log, then; coax the ember;
Fill your hearts with old-time cheer:
Heaven be thanked for one more year,
And our Thanksgiving turkey!

Welcome, brothers—all our party
Gathered in the homestead old!
Shake the snow off, and with hearty
Hand-shakes drive away the cold;
Else your plate you'll hardly hold
Of good Thanksgiving turkey.

When the skies are sad and murky,
'Tis a cheerful thing to meet
Round this homely roast of turkey—
Pilgrims, pausing just to greet,
Then, with earnest grace, to eat
A new Thanksgiving turkey.

And the merry feast is freighted
With its meanings true and deep.
Those we've loved, and those we've hated,
All to-day, their rites will keep,
All to-day, their dishes heap
With plump Thanksgiving turkey.

But how many hearts must mingle
Now with mournful memories!
In the festal wine shall mingle
Unseen tears, perhaps, from eyes
That look beyond the board where lies
Our plain Thanksgiving turkey.

See around us drawing nearer
Those faint yearning shapes of air—
Friends than whom earth holds none dearer!
No—alas! they are not there:
Have they, then, forgot to share
Our good Thanksgiving turkey?

Some have gone away and tarried
Strangely long by some strange way;
Some have turned to foes; we carried
Some unto the pile-girt grave:
They'll come no more so joyous-brave
To take Thanksgiving turkey.

Nay, repine not. Let our laughter
Leap like fire-light up again.
Soon we touch the wide Hereafter,
Snow-field yet untrod of men;
Shall we meet once more—and when?
To eat Thanksgiving turkey?

And though not, 'twere still ungrateful
'Mid such warm companionship
To forecast the future fateful,
Finding there no balanced good,
'Tis but a type of finer food,
This plain Thanksgiving turkey;

Of higher gifts a quaint reminder.
Then let the bounty do its best
To make us gladder, stronger, kinder.
But no ghost to be our guest,
But eat as those now gone to rest
Once ate Thanksgiving turkey.

—G. P. LATHROP, in *Harper's Magazine* for December.

MICHIGAN ROSE.

BY FLORA MARCIAN.

Two little boys of the street picked up a bunch of Michigan roses, defaced, bruised, trodden on, soiled with dust-stains. Some country girl had dropped them from her bosom, for they were from a distance, and not seen in any of the florists' shops. To the children they were a miracle of brightness, a revelation of another world, and they stood together on the street as the crowd surged by, earnestly and intently examining a cluster of seven small roses and a bud.

A girl passing by, and attracted by the eager and interested look on the children's faces, stopped to inquire what they were talking about.

"What is this? It is a bunch of Michigan roses," said the girl with a twinkle in her eyes; "and it grows tall, away up to the sky, and all the bush is like this cluster, pink, with yards and yards of flowers."

"Sweet Michigan!" said both boys in the same breath, as the girl went on her way; but from that day forth, as the quest of the Holy Grail possessed Sir Galahad, so the search after Sweet Michigan possessed these orphan boys.

By great perseverance in sweeping street-crossings, blacking boots, selling newspapers and many other bleak little contrivances known only to the children of want and destitution, they got together enough money to buy themselves each a white straw sailor hat with blue ribbon and a little gilt picture of an anchor on one end of the streamer and a small picture of a sailing ship on the front. They bought cheap shoes and linen clothes also, though anxiously hoarding and saving pennies all summer long.

They had picked up all the information they could about "Sweet Michigan," asking the big newsboys in what direction that country lay.

The children could not learn much, but what the newsboys told them they remembered.

"Did you know," said one bootblack to another, "that Johnny and Sammy are going to emigrate?"

"No; where they go?"

"Wall, they're goin' out West, where roses grow, or suthin' o' that sort."

"Their heads are kinder cracked, I think it's likely. And 'taint no wonder, as I knows on. Last winter was a hard un on bigger coves than they be."

"They was always clever cresturs, and busy as the day was long."

"They're a-goin' to start in the mornin'; we must see 'em off, Bill."

In the morning more than twenty

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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newsboys and sweepers and bootblacks went down to the Erie to see the boys start on their journey.

"We must take a collection for 'em. Pass round the hat, boys."

"No," answered Johnny and Sammy; we are going to sweet Michigan and shan't need any money. Keep it yourselves."

"If you get there before I do, remember me; I'm coming, too," sang Josh Bates.

"We will."

The boys got aboard a Western express; their friends waved their hats and gave them a cheerful farewell; the trait was off; Johnny and Sammy had started on their new lives.

"Tickets, boys," said the conductor.

"Yes, sir," responded the children, taking out a neatly folded brown paper from each vest pocket and handing it to the agent. The packages contained exactly fifty cents apiece. They were the remnants of the earnings of Johnny and Sammy. There were four five cent pieces and the rest was in pennies, two and three cent coins. The man looked down into those sun-burned, happy faces. He read no story of misgiving there, but a confidence and hope that was pleasant to see.

"Where did you say you were going?"

"Sweet Michigan," lisped the babies together.

"Is this all the money you have?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put it back in your pockets. You are running away, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I shall have to send you home."

"We're a goin' home, sir."

Then the boys told the conductor the story of the rose, and the desire to go into the country of that sweet flower; of the summer's toil accomplished in this hope; of the hats, shoes, linen clothes, and lastly of the money saved so anxiously and carefully. "And you had better take it, sir, for we shan't need it where we're a-goin'."

The loneliness, innocence and youth of the boys touched the heart of the agent.

"How do I know but God's calling them there?" said he to himself. "I am not going to do anything contrary to Him, or go against Him in any way." So he took two tickets and wrote on them:

Here—Pass these boys along the line to "Sweet Michigan," and order Lake Shore to do the same.

So Johnny and Sammy were passed over the route, and their story was borne along with them. Travelers gave them food from their baskets. At night a motherly old lady folded shawls to put under their heads, covered them up and made them go to sleep in seats near her own. Johnny and Sammy really had a glimpse of Paradise as they steamed along the Erie that day.

In the night the boys awoke and whispered together.

"It's a very good place to be on the Erie, Sammy."

"Yes; they are all so good to us, ain't the same kind that used to be in the city?"

"I don't know—there's some awful good ones there. There's that girl that told us where the roses grow; there's Josh, and the policeman was always good to us, and we could sleep in the station when we couldn't sleep anywhere else."

"I don't mean that kind; I mean the swell ones."

"Well, they were pretty good, too, especially on Sunday, Johnny."

"Wall, conductor," said the farmer, "me and Marier must git off at the next station; our ways don't run no further together. I'd like to know what becomes of them boys—two children a-goin' to the Lord knows where. Curus, now, ain't it? Bound to go to sweet Michigan, yet nothin' to go to there as anybody knows on. I'd a-took 'em long to Kansas, but Kansas won't do, I'm sure on't. Mark my words, conductor; if you ever come over our way, call. Boys, when you git hum I want you to drop a line to John Hedley, Onion Creek, Kansas. Good day to all on ye," he nodded to the passengers. "Come along, Marier; we must be a-gittin' hum."

Along the level of the prairie the sun burned red and warm. Acres of wheat were cut and gathered into ricks that looked like little old women with their bonnets on. There was also sweet ricks

of pink buckwheat, and the stubble land where the buckwheat had grown was pink, too. A very large orchard of young apple trees was in full bearing. The sunshine falling on the ripening fruit made them seem yellower, redder and riper. A little rill was along the road side for a short distance, then crossed the highway and trickled down a meadow whose greenness showed the second growth of the year. Great flocks of hens, turkeys and ducks gave animation to the farm. The great barn doors stood wide open, and out of them issued the sweet scent of clover and timothy. Across the road, opposite the barn, a fine herd of cows waiting to be milked. They stood quietly chawing their cud as Johnny and Sammy came into the yard by the roadside where they were.

"Will they hurt us, Sammy?"

"No; they are gentle things; I know by their pretty eyes."

The farm house was a pleasant building a story and a half high. The windows and doors were open. The path that led from the house to the gate was bordered with camomile and China asters, with some bright nasturtiums. But over the portico of the front door there crept a magnificent vine of Michigan rose. Its time of blossoming was long past, but a few clusters starred the green boughs. Both boys saw it and recognized the flower at once.

"It is the place!" exclaimed the boys. "Sweet Michigan!" and opening the gate they walked into the yard.

They rapped on the open door and a sad-looking woman advanced to meet them.

"Come in, children," she said very gently and sweetly.

"Is it the place?" inquired Johnny and Sammy.

"Yes, I think so."

"We are so glad to get here." Then in answer to her question, they told the oft-repeated story: "But we were so glad when we saw the rose."

"Take off your hats and come out to the trough and I will brush your hair and wash your faces, and when father comes in from the field we will have supper."

So when she had washed their faces, the boys saw a pet lamb in the yard and wanted to play with it. Mr. Lally coming across the field saw the lads, and wondered whose children they were. His wife met him at the gate and told him what they had told her.

"And I think, husband, God has sent us something to love. They can never be like our own children, I know, but it is so lonesome."

"They must be queer little fellows, Sally. You say it was the rose that brought them to the door?"

"Yes; the same slip that little Sally brought from mother's and you planted it for her by the portico."

"Well, let us go to supper now. Call the children; if we like them we will keep them."

Johnny and Sammy never before saw real plenty. The loaf of bread, delicious butter, cream and peaches, the cake and honey were all new. The affluence of the farmer's house astonished them. In the buttery they saw long, shining rows of milk-pans, full to the brim, rolls of butter ready for market, and baskets of eggs.

"So, boys," said farmer Lally, after supper, "you thought you would come out and live by the Michigan rose?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you like it, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you can live here, if you want to."

"Forever?"

"Yes. You can call Aunt Sally there mother, and if you like me for a father you can call me so. Now, boys, I am going to milk the cows; come and see them."

The winter had been one of sickness among children; diphtheria and scarlet fever had robbed many a home of its little ones. Among those most afflicted were Mr. and Mrs. Lally. Of their three children not one survived. This it was that made their hearts so tender to the strangers who came seeking sweet Michigan. From this day forth they became Johnny and Sammy Lally. Aunt Sally taught them to read. In their sweet home we leave them, thinking that thereto they were guided by some angel of the Lord, perhaps little Sally herself

and a crushed cluster of withering Michigan roses.

Primitive Warfare.

The Montenegrin method of making war is very primitive. A Russian officer who visited their country and studied it tells us that a Montenegrin never sues for mercy; and whenever one of them is severely wounded and it is impossible to save him from the enemy his own comrades cut off his head. When at the attack of Clobuck a small detachment of Russian troops were obliged to retreat, an officer of stout make, and no longer young, fell to the ground from exhaustion. A Montenegrin, perceiving it, ran immediately to him, and, having drawn his yatagan, said, "You are very brave and must wish that I should cut off your head. Say a prayer and make the sign of the cross." The officer, horrified at the proposition made an effort to rise, and rejoined his companions with the assistance of the friendly Montenegrin. They consider all those who have been taken by the enemy as killed. They carry out of the battle their wounded comrades on their shoulders. Arms, a small loaf of bread, a cheese, some garlic, a little brandy, an old garment and two pairs of sandals made of raw hide, form all the equipage of the Montenegrins. On their march they do not seek any shelter from rain or cold. In rainy weather the Montenegrin wraps around his head the *stirooka* (a shawl of coarse cloth), lies down on the ground, and putting his rifle under him, sleeps very comfortably. Three or four hours of repose are quite sufficient for his rest and the remainder of his time is occupied in constant exertion. It is impossible to retain them in the reserve, and it seems that they can not calmly bear the view of the enemy. The tactics of the Montenegrins are confined to being skillful marksmen. A stone, a hole, a tree offer them a cover from the enemy. Firing usually in a prostrate position on the ground, they are not easily hit, while their rapid and sure shots carry destruction into the closed ranks of a regular army. They have besides a well-practiced eye for judging of distance and thoroughly understand how to take advantage of the ground. Of course it will always be difficult to employ such warriors against regular troops.—*London Daily News.*

Henry Lepel McIvar, a native of Edinburgh, is a leader in the Serbian army. He has fought on four continents in twenty years, and almost always on the side of the smallest numbers. He gained a medal in the Indian mutiny, fought under Garibaldi in 1859, under Lee in 1861, for the Mexicans after the rebellion, with a little Indian skirmishing in Texas. He was in the Cretan rebellion, served in Greece against the brigands, was in the patriot army in Cuba for a while, and then had a cavalry command in Egypt. He fought in France under Faidherbe against the Germans, turned up in Paris a Communist, went to Herzegovina as correspondent of a London paper, and is now a leader of Serbian irregulars.

Mr. Tennyson is now 66 years old—a man still in the prime of thought and capacity for work. The only ill he's heir to is an annual hay fever. He is six feet in height, is broad-shouldered and large-boned, but not stout. His hands and feet are enormous. His face is long, and somewhat resembles that of Dante, save that it has not the right mold and expression of the great Florentine, and the nose is not so aquiline. His hair is long and very black, his complexion olive. Once upon a time, in speaking of Mr. Tennyson's personal appearance, Buchanan Read called him "a dilapidated Jupiter"—a piece of description at once picturesque, acute and humorous.

According to the Adams Journal, this is the way a citizen of that village got money to go to the Centennial: "He purchased two barrels of flour at the store and told the dealer to charge it. Then he sold the flour for a dollar less than the amount at which it was charged to him, and borrowing ten dollars more went joyfully to the Centennial."

Superficial knowledge is like oil upon the water—it shines deceitfully, but it can be easily skimmed off.

Worse than Death.

When a friend whom we love well dies and is buried, we are very miserable, and life is very empty. But, if we can say: He is gone, but never, while he lived, did he fail me; I always trusted safely in his love—I always felt that mine was well placed; what I hoped was exceeded by what I experienced in my friendship with him; and if God, in His mercy, permits us to meet again in some better world, I ask no more happiness. If we can say this from the heart, there is comfort even in our sorrow; for a true and perfect love holds its sway over us, and has an influence in all our life, even through Death's veil be drawn between our eyes and the dear face of the beloved one.

But there is another sort of death that people die sometimes, that is far worse than that which bids the heart cease beating and turns to ice the lips that have given us so many kisses. They whom we have held dear breathe still, but when we look upon them we behold only cruel, haunting ghosts. Their bodies live, but where is the love we felt for them? Where is the virtue that once dwelt in their smiles—the joy that came to us with their coming steps? Where is the trust we had in them—the hopes that filled our hearts because of them? All dead; dead and cold.

There is no change in them; they are just what they always were; only we had imagined them to be much that they were not. We alone were to blame. But, for that very reason, the death they die to us is more bitter. There is nothing to remember—nothing to treasure. There never was anything. We are like the thirsty traveler upon the desert, before whose eyes the mirage gleamed. He knows at last that the cooling waters of his blessed lake were never near him. As he dies athirst, his thoughts go back to the little spring beside the homestead door; toward that he stretches out his hands; but from the mirage that glittered only to deceive, he turns with hate.

Happier those who bend over a dead face they love, than those who turn from a living face once dear, now stranger than any stranger's.

For those whom we call dead still live. The roses they have scattered through our lives distill their fragrance down all the lonely years in which we wait for them; strangely, subtly, in a way we do not understand, they are with us still; but of the others remain only dry bones, from which we turn with shuddering.—*Mary Kyle Dallas.*

The idea is just suggested that an ornamented stove be put in the market. Not merely an ornamental article, but one that is artistic, one that will adorn as well as comfort the home circle. It is a good idea, and has our hearty support. In fact, we are anxious about it. The stove has no nobler friend than the editor of this paper—no one who has given it such careful, intelligent study—no one who has so faithfully tried to understand it. An article in bronze or polished steel, with French plate micas, mahogany doors, and German-silver cornice, with an electro-plated scuttle, and plated-handled poker, would not be a bad idea. Such a stove enclosed in a rosewood cabinet, and dusted off twice a day by a team of ostriches hired expressly for that purpose, could not fail of elevating and ennobling the atmosphere of any home. Its artistic loveliness would render its removal unnecessary in the spring, and this of itself would save its cost in a very little time. But even should it have to be moved, what of it? No man with the least discernment of the beautiful in his nature would object to being bucked in the abdomen by a German-silver cornice, or skinning his knuckles on a mahogany door, or even to plunging headlong over an electro-plated scuttle. And as for sliding backwards down an entire flight of stairs with so much of the chaste and beautiful in his arms at once, nothing could compare to it, in the way of luxurious sensations.

Let us have an artistic stove by all means, with alabaster boots to put against it.—*Danbury News.*

Girls who "do it up brown" this year must wear invisible green.

The best three medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence and repose.

The Power of Will.

Remarkable instances of the power of will to overcome what most persons would succumb to, are not wanting in history and biography. When Queen Elizabeth was seized with the illness which terminated in her death, she refused for three days to give way so far as to permit her attendants to carry her to bed. Her haughty, queenly spirit fought death himself with an obstinate resistance. Those of our readers who have seen a representation of Lord Lytton's play of "Richelieu," will remember what admirable use he makes of the delicacy of body from which the eminent statesman suffered constantly. John Wesley, who probably performed more work than any of his contemporaries, when a young man, had diseased lungs and hemorrhage, and but for his good sense and pluck he would have died early, instead of living to organize a Church which has attained an enormous membership and great wealth and power. During the last year of his life this eminent man was the victim of a distressing complaint which he hardly ever permitted to interfere with his incessant toil, and with whose existence but a very few persons were acquainted. M. Thiers is a miserable specimen of humanity—only about four feet high, shaped somewhat like a tadpole, and sustained in life by the most vigilant attention on the part of his devoted wife and another lady in his household; yet, when President of the French Republic, so very recently, the brave old gentleman was accustomed to be at his desk by 5 o'clock in the morning, performing the details necessary in the discharge of a function which he had assumed when his country was prostrate at the feet of Germany. Conspicuous examples of the triumph of will over suffering, and consequent depression of mind, could be multiplied, but these are sufficient.—*Ex.*

Printers and Editors.

Working for forty editors and scores of authors, every one of whom is as sensitive as a sore thumb and as lively and interesting as a hornet, no wonder that printers die young, and only pachydermatous, grizzly, mulish specimens get their fair share of life. The writer wishes he could offer himself as an awful example of the perils which environ the man who meddles in any way with cold-type. A thoroughly-trained printer should have had a stepmother, and then a stepfather, and then have been bound out to a tanner, and then have married a scolding wife (a collateral mother-in-law of a similar desirable description) and then have had a family of ugly babies who were all afflicted with colic. He should have, added to all this discipline, a thorough knowledge of art, law, languages, theology, history, and biography; and a slight acquaintance with hieroglyphics would be a valuable addendum. If, in addition, he has a vicious-looking countenance and a patient, cheerful disposition, he may stand some chance with these editors and authors; but the probabilities are, after all, that they will worry him to death.

The Widow and the Bouquet.

A pretty widow, whose husband has been dead several years, received a beautiful bouquet the other day. The man that sent it has been flying around her with an earnestness worthy of a dry goods clerk, and it was with extra delight he saw her pass his store that evening with the bouquet of flowers in hand. "Am so pleased to see you with them," said he, and thousand little Cupids dimpled in his smile.

"Yes," she replied, "it was very kind in you; I always knew you liked him; I am taking them to his grave."

An agent for the sale of a household article attempted to mount the steps of a house recently, but a dog came around the corner and took half a yard of cloth from the back of his coat. The man was sliding out when the owner of the house came and asked: "Did dogs dog bite you?" "He didn't bite me, but he ruined my coat," was the reply. "My good friend, excuse, dogs dog if he didn't bite you. He is a young dog now, but by-and-by he shall take half of some agents and eat dog bones ride out of dem. He bites a coat now, but he shall soon do better."

Facts and Fancies.

Why is Turkey like a theatrical manager? Because she wants a peace that will last a long time.

What is the difference between horse-racing and going to church? One makes men bet, the other makes them better.

"Now, then," said the school inspector, "where did the Cyclops live?" Pupil: "Please, sir, they lived in Cyclopaedia."

Mrs. Partington concurs in Bishop Whipple's pacific policy toward the Indians. She says she'd drive 'em right into it and drown 'em all.

Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

The woman of work sweeps every thing before her; the woman of fashion sweeps everything behind her.

It is singular how early in life a child gains the reputation of resembling its richest and best-looking relations.

Of all passions avarice is the most unaccountable, as it precludes the miser from all pleasure except that of hoarding.

Kinder is the looking-glass than the wine-glass, for the former reveals our defects to ourselves only, the latter to our friends.

Some one asked a lad how it was he was so short for his age. He replied, "Father keeps me so busy, I ain't time to grow."

Talking one day of a well-known comic lecturer, Douglas Jerrold exclaimed: "Egad, sir! that fellow would vulgarize the day of judgment."

Some of the most lasting benefits to individuals and to nations have sprung from what seemed at the time an overpowering calamity.

"Upward and onward," is the motto of the present. Upward into the choicest apple tree, and onward out of the reach of the infuriated owner with a club.

Pawnbrokers have never been described as the pioneers of progress, although it must be admitted that they are always ready to make an advance.

"I've taken to the study of my own heart," said an old miser. "Well," said his nephew, "I never supposed you'd spend money for a microscope."

We are constantly told that evening wore on, but what the evening wore on such occasions we are not informed. Was it the close of a summer's day?

Mrs. Bloggs asked her husband if he didn't think her new dress was as sweet as a spring rose. He said it was even to the minor attraction of having a little due on it.

George Eliot says: "It is well known that in gambling, whether of the business or holiday sort, a man who has the strength of mind to leave off when he has only ruined others is a reformed character."

A pater familias with a fashionable wife and three or four ditto daughters thus feelingly describes full dress: "Full dress is where the wearer puts one third of her dress on her person, and two-thirds on the ground."

Mr. Whittier is 68 years old, and a most quaint, kindly, and refined person, using habitually the Quaker "thee" and "thou." Mr. Longfellow is a year older, and wears well the dignity of the gentleman and the poet. Mr. Lowell is 57, and has the look of the critic rather than the poet.

The snow came prematurely, the other day, and caught most of our home-poets unprepared. Only one poem came in, and that made icicle rhyme with possible, but as the office boy remarked as he wrapped it around some meat for the dog, it was written on a very good quality of paper.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

They tell a good story of an old business man who recently found himself "cornered" financially, and desired to go into bankruptcy. He applied to a lawyer to know how much it would cost to have the papers made out and the business put through. He was told that the expense would be about \$100, and, appearing to be satisfied with the price, he told the lawyer to go ahead. The lawyer followed the instructions, and when the work was done he called for his little \$100. "All right," said the bankrupt, "you can put your claim right in with the others."

An Ulster County demoiselle is engaged in making a cloak entirely of partridge feathers. In it will be at least 10,000 feathers of different sizes, the lower portion of the cloak being made of the tail feathers, and then ranging up. The breast feathers come next, while the neck of the bird will encircle the white throat of the lady. It will require about 100 partridges to fill out the regular course of feathers, which are placed in layers similar to the way in which they grow on the bird. The birds are shot by her brother, who pops them over, whenever she wants them, only asking that she will nicely cook what is left for himself to line his epigastrium.

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Notice.

Prof. Job Turner will hold religious
services for deaf-mutes at the following
places: Saco, Me., Sunday, Nov. 26th;
Newburyport, Dec. 3d; Martha Vine-
yard, Dec. 10th; Boston, Dec. 17th;
Lowell, Dec. 24th; and Worcester Dec.
31st.

The Institution of the Future.

The institution of the future may be
on the plan of separate buildings, so
ably expounded by Warring Wilkinson,
of California, at the Philadelphia Con-
ference, or it may be on the practice
that at present holds—a large structure
appropriately planned. But it will not
be one colossal pile of brick and mortar
and stone for the accommodation of all
the deaf within the State boundaries, un-
less, indeed, the number of these unfor-
tunate in any one State shall, on a
thorough canvass, be found not to exceed
the number that shall be fixed for each
building.

Let us suppose that the powerful, in-
telligent and benevolent State of Cam-
bigbee has reached that period of its ex-
istence when it is deemed wise to pro-
vide for the education of the deaf within
its boundaries. Sagacious statesmen
have proved to their own satisfaction
primarily, or had it proved for them,
which is the most probable, and amounts
to the same thing, and ultimately to the
State, that to allow the ignorant deaf,
who are statistically put at eight hundred,
to grow up ignorant still, is a most un-
wise and dangerous experiment. There-
fore the legislature of Cambigbee plans
and appropriates to this end: The Cam-
bigbee Institution for the Instruction of
the Deaf and Dumb building fund,
\$400,000, annual income, \$250,000, one
building in Northville, one in Westville,
one in Southville, and a fourth in East-
ville. The question of having a General
Superintendent who shall visit each
building quarterly, and spend a month
thereat, is vigorously debated, referred
to a Committee, which, taking advice
from various experts in other legislatures,
reports favorably, (because the experts
agree it is a bad plan), and the thing
passes.

Discreet and wise Cambigbee, if you
carry out as well as you have begun, you
will have the most wonderful and useful
institution in the land!

It is not an essential thing that the
buildings for the deaf of a State, should
all be under one management. The con-
trol, as illustrated in the institutions of
this State will do; but the institution
of the future will have a superintendent,
or the same functionary under another
name perhaps, in charge of the depart-
ment of the institution known as the
Domestic or Administrative, with his
powers so fixed and subordinated, that
there will be no echo to the cry of "two
heads."

The principal of the future will be an
expert in the art of instruction. He
may be, but shall not necessarily be a
hearing man. His whole energy will be
expended in perfecting his department
of instruction. He will be found in the
class-rooms oftener than any where else,
his office work being mainly in charge of
competent assistants. He will be a
spectator and admirer of the work of his
teachers, and he will sometimes teach a
class for weeks at a stretch, while the in-
structor proper sits at his desk—a ben-
efited pupil.

The school-room of the future will
have, hanging on its walls, the pictures
and maps necessary and essential. It
will be well ventilated, well lighted, ar-
ranged in perfect accord with the other
good things, it will not want.

The text book of the future is already
written. It is found in bookstores in-
numerable. The author probably never
saw a deaf-mute, and is, therefore, inno-
cent of all hobby in this regard. The
text book may possibly precede the insti-
tution of the future.

The instructor of the future—will he
is undergoing the change that will bring
it about, that in the institution of the
future, he will fit into his niche with
glove precision.

But the institution of the future—
when are we to hope for its presence?
On or about the next Centennial, perhaps!

—Prof. Job Turner delivered a lecture
on geology before the Boston deaf-mute
meeting on Thursday evening, Nov. 23d.

Lessons from London.

In another part of this paper will be
found an interesting letter from Rev.
Mr. Smith, of London, to Rev. Dr. Gal-
laudet, kindly placed in our hands by
the latter, giving a sketch of his life,
and of the growth of the Church for
Deaf-mutes in London. Also the rules
of the "Deaf-mute Society of Holy Living,"
established in connection with the
church. On these we have a few re-
marks to make.

It is noticeable how surely, though
sometimes by slow steps, the Lord has
led the work on. Difficulties have been
met, disappointments experienced, but
patient waiting and prayerful effort have
never failed of their reward.

There has been need, however, of pa-
tience, of perseverance, and of prayer.
Sudden and great prosperity has not been
given—it seldom is given by God. Even
with the work begun by influential and
wealthy gentlemen who formed them-
selves in a committee and sought the ad-
vice of the best guides, (among them
Dr. H. P. Peet—see the correspondence
between him and Mr. Eyre, in the *Annals*),
even with the powerful aid of Lord Ebury
and the numerous personages
of high rank he interested,—Mr.
Gladstone presiding at an annual meeting,
the Queen giving \$250, and the Prince
of Wales more than double that sum—
the work was carried on for years in a
hired hall and offices, before a church
could be thought of, and it was several
years more before the church was built.
The parsonage for the chaplain's residence,
the Home for the Aged—these are yet
things of the future.

And herein we may see a right method
pursued. The example of our Lord and
of His apostles has been closely followed.
The Saviour had not where to lay His
head; He went about doing good. First
we see the solitary missionary going
about laboriously seeking for the lost
sheep, the income of the Association be-
ing only \$750 a year, barely enough to
provide for even this limited work.
Then, while the worker was by diligent
study preparing himself for greater effi-
ciency, we see the work slowly growing,
till, when his whole time can be given to
it, it springs forward. Now at last it has
its elegant church, planned expressly for
the wants of a congregation whose souls
are reached through the eye, not the ear,
—whose worship and praise are offered
by the hands, not the lips. Now it has
six workers, holding service every Sun-
day, not only in this edifice, but in sev-
eral other places, judiciously chosen in
different localities here and there in the
vast expanse of London. And now it
has to sustain them at an annual income
of eight thousand dollars—more for this
one city than the "Church Mission" has
for the whole of our vast country.

But note that before the church built
of brick and stone, came the church
built up in souls: before the rector came
the pastor, the missionary: before the
heavy expense of a permanent home was
assumed, current expenses and the entire
attention of the chaplain were provided for.

The project of a church must indeed
have helped to cheer up and hold together
the earnest, struggling band of laborers.
It gave something tangible and visible
as a memorial of their toiling and their
faith, and a lasting means of doing good
to them that came after, an enduring
tribute to the Lord's glory.

In all these labors, though hearing
gentlemen and ladies of wealth and
benevolence contributed liberally, the
deaf and dumb themselves did their full
share. Mr. David T. Baker, Mr. Ar-
thur H. Bather, these and many others
whose names we regret have escaped us,
sustained earnestly the services, the lec-
tures, the visiting, the charitable work.
They took hold with right good will,
and God helped them.

We have but space to make a single
remark concerning the "Society of Holy
Living." Excellent in its object, dis-
creet in its rules, we are yet compelled
to ask, was it necessary? All baptized
Christians are members of the great
"society of holy living," founded by
Christ Himself—the Church. In her
organization and government, her sacra-
ments and worship, her numberless means
of employing all man's noble energies
for his own good and that of his fellow-
men, there seems to us ample provision
for "holy living." We do not like soci-
eties that draw men's minds away from
the church, that make them fail to real-
ize their duties and responsibilities, their
rights and privileges, as members of the
Church. Let these first be fully under-
stood and lived up to; then, if it proves
necessary, let us have other societies.

We would not wish, in these remarks,
to be understood as finding fault with
the London society, mentioned, or with
any that are existing in connection with
the church work in this country. In
London, there may be reasons and needs
unknown to us, for such an organization.
Here, all the societies we know of have
a distinct and good work to do, helping
or supporting the church. To them all,
we wish God speed! H. W. S.

A Good Opinion of the Journal.

MELROSE, MASS., Nov. 13, 1876.
H. C. RIDER, Esq.—Dear Sir: En-
closed please find \$1.50, for which you
will please renew my subscription to the
JOURNAL for another year.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is the best
deaf-mute paper beyond a doubt, and
every mute in the whole country ought
to patronize it well in this glorious Cen-
tennial year.

I am much pleased to say that some
mute friends of mine speak highly of the
JOURNAL, and will send in their sub-
scriptions before January next. I wish
your paper abundant success and long
life.

Yours truly,
GEORGE A. NEWHALL.

—There was a fair attendance at the
Episcopal Social in Mayo Hall, last week,
and a goodly sum was realized.

Kind Words.

We are in receipt, through the court-
tesy of Rev. Henry Winter Sytle, the
Foreign editor, of a copy of the DEAF-
MUTES' JOURNAL, published in Mexico,
N. Y. It is a large and ably conducted
paper, and is devoted to the interests of
the many persons of both sexes who are
deaf-mutes from birth or by accident.
The editor, by the way, calls for the
names of all such children of affliction
as are the offspring of deaf parents, he
being desirous of receiving all possible
information bearing upon the theory that
intermarriage among deaf-mutes is a
prolific source of deafness.—*Philadelphia*
Sunday Republic, Nov. 12.

We are gratified by such a complimen-
tary notice of the JOURNAL, from a pa-
per like the *Republic*, which is one of the
leading Sunday papers of Philadelphia.
It is entirely free from the silly and ob-
jectionable matter which appears in
some Sunday papers, and gives many a
bad opinion of them all; is full of inter-
esting stories and "thoughtful thoughts;"
crisp and sparkling, and its editorial
columns are ably filled.

There is a "Woman's Department," in
which Miss Annie McDowell maintains
all that is for the true interests of the fair
sex, while rejecting and combating the
absurdities of pretended friends of wo-
man and her rights.

The JOURNAL is patriotic, not partisan;
we have never used its columns to ad-
vocate any political party; while we
claim the right to our own opinions, we
leave our readers free to form theirs, un-
influenced by us. To those, however, in
the neighborhood of Philadelphia, who
desire an out-spoken Republican paper,
adapted to their locality, we can recom-
mend the *Sunday Republic*, as fearless
and well informed.

H. W. S.

Church Work in London.

A LETTER FROM REV. SAMUEL SMITH, A. K.
C., CHAPLAIN AND SECRETARY OF THE
LONDON ASSOCIATION IN AID OF THE
DEAF AND DUMB.

MY DEAR DR. GALLAUDET—I now
proceed to give you, as you request, some
idea of my early beginnings in the "land
of silence." When I was fifteen, I went
to the Yorkshire Institution, Doncaster,
and was articled to Dr. Charles Baker to
learn the "art and mystery" of instruct-
ing the deaf and dumb, being five years
under articles.

When I was rising into manhood, an
idea took full possession of my mind,
which was that I should be ordained for
ministering among the deaf and dumb.
I did not see my way at all how to ac-
complish this object, but round this idea
"from morn to night" my thoughts in-
cessantly revolved, and for a long time
I prayed to God to open a way for me.
Mr. Baker quite disapproved of the idea.

About 1854, my own association was
undergoing a reorganization, and the
principal object was then to be a "special
mission" to the deaf and dumb. A
friend urged me to apply to the committee.
Mr. Baker did all he could to prevent
me leaving him and undertaking this
work. The association had then one
missionary, who was following the cen-
sus returns, visiting the deaf and dumb
throughout London; and the committee
had no funds for another, but promised
me an appointment as soon as they could.
In July, 1855, the first missionary re-
signed and I succeeded him, having then
been eight years in the Doncaster Insti-
tution.

After I had secured the confidence of
the committee and been around London
among the deaf and dumb, I told the
committee of my earnest desire to be
ordained for this special work. They
allowed me time to attend King's College
for about three years, after which I was
ordained.

Steps were then taken to secure a
church; it took several years to procure
the funds, but they have been obtained
and the church erected. The Queen gave
a contribution of £50. The Prince of
Wales gave £105, and laid the first stone;
and most of our great philanthropists
have helped in the work, which is now
as well known as any charity in London.
There is yet a parsonage to be erected
close to the church, as soon as funds can
be obtained.

Our first plans included a "Home for
the Aged," but the representations of
some of the deaf and dumb induced us
to give up that idea; however, I shall
not let it rest if I am spared, but after
the parsonage, the home must come. I
feel that the aged deaf and dumb would
have so much better opportunities of re-
ligious instruction in a home than, as
they are, scattered about and isolated in
workhouses. (See the correspondence in
the *Annals*, about this date, between
Dr. H. P. Peet and G. L. P. Eyre, Esq.)

Our annual income has very much in-
creased; from 1854 to 1866 it rose from
£150 to £500. I was not then Secretary,
but in January, 1866, I was appointed
Secretary as well as Chaplain, and now
the income reaches £1,600, and we have
a staff of two chaplains, three lay mis-
sionaries, and a Sunday teacher, and
from the prominence our work has as-
sumed, similar organizations have sprung
up in all the large towns of England and
Scotland.

I have often wondered whether you
agree in your brother's opinions as re-
gards deaf and dumb associations, etc.,
as expressed in his paper in the *Annals*.
I think our ministerial duties must modify
our views very much on these matters.
We quite agree in our views as to the
impossibility of the deaf and dumb ever
obtaining effective religious instruction
by means of labial and facial motion.

It will be quite an event for Mr. Sytle
to be ordained. I have a deaf and dumb
assistant who has learned Latin and
Greek to some extent, and a little He-
brew.

I do indeed feel what a blessed privi-
lege it is to be the humble instrument in

God's hands of proclaiming the blessed
tidings of the Gospel to our silent
brethren. I am trying to form among
them a "Society of Holy Living," and
enclose you the rules. I am glad to say
our magazine goes on still, and is very
much liked, but it is not self-supporting.
I should like very much to see you
and your work in America, but I am
afraid there is but little prospect of my
paying you a visit.

With sincere prayers for God's blessing
upon you and your work, I am, my dear
Dr. Gallaudet, your affectionate fellow-
laborer in the Lord's vineyard.
SAMUEL SMITH.

The Deaf-Mute Society of Holy Living.

ST. SAVIOUR'S, OXFORD ST., W.

"By love serve one another."—Gal. v. 13.
"Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit
in the bond of peace."—Eph. iv. 3.

OBJECTS AND RULES.

I.—This Society shall include a senior
and a junior branch. The senior to con-
sist of Communicants of the Church of
England; the junior of Members who
are desirous of Confirmation.

II.—Its object is to associate Members
of the Church together in the common
bond of unity of purpose, for mutual aid
and encouragement, that they may help
one another in the way of salvation and
holiness, endeavor to turn others from
sin and worldliness, and unite in inter-
cessory prayer for the Deaf and Dumb,
and the whole Church.

III.—This Society shall be under the
direction of the Chaplain, who alone can
admit Members.

IV.—All Members shall undertake,
whenever possible, some definite work
for Christ in connection with this Soci-
ety, such as teaching; visiting the poor;
collecting for Church purposes; work-
ing for the poor; working for foreign
missions; becoming sponsors for holy
baptism; seeking out, and helping to
prepare candidates for confirmation; en-
deavoring to promote reverence and
heartiness in Church services; nursing
the sick, &c., &c.

V.—Information must be sent to the
Chaplain if any Member leaves the dis-
trict, but all connection with the Society
need not cease in such a case.

VI.—Every Member in joining the
Society shall promise to obey the rules,
and to observe the rule of life as long as
he or she continues a Member.

THE RULE OF LIFE.

To which each Member pledges himself
or herself, (unless prevented by illness
or other unavoidable hindrance), is—

- 1.—To say private prayer morning
and evening kneeling, and to use daily
the Prayer for the Society.
- 2.—To read the Bible daily.
- 3.—To devote some portion of time
to self-examination.
- 4.—To avoid all places of temptation.
- 5.—To renounce, and as far as possi-
ble check in others, all sinful and un-
charitable conversation, and to speak
reverently on all things connected with
our Holy Religion.
- 6.—To be perfectly temperate in all
things and to promote temperance in
others.
- 7.—To attend Church at least once
every Sunday, and never be late.
- 8.—Never to spend the Sabbath in
idleness, worldliness, or pleasure.
- 9.—If confirmed, to prepare for, and
to receive the Holy Communion, if possi-
ble, not less than once a month.
- 10.—To give according to their means
for Church purposes, missions, and relief
of the poor.

PRAYER TO BE SAID DAILY FOR THE SOCIETY.

O God our Father, I beseech Thee to
grant Thy Blessing to all Members of the
Deaf-mute Society of St. Saviour.
Watch over us for good; may Thy Holy
Spirit rule our hearts that our lives may
be holy, our prayers acceptable, our
wants supplied, our words directed and
our work prospered, to the glory of Thy
Holy Name, Through Jesus Christ our
Lord. Amen.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

- I.—To kneel always at prayer in
church, and join in the responses.
- II.—To pray at mid-day, and at any
other opportunity.
- III.—To abstain from all reading of an
immoral or irreligious character.
- IV.—To say grace at every meal.
- V.—To dress neatly and according to
one's station of life.
- VI.—Members are invited in any case
of trouble, debt, or difficulty, to ask
the advice and counsel of the chaplain.

"So likewise ye, when ye shall have done
all those things which are commanded you, say, We
are unprofitable servants."—St. Luke, xlv. 10.
"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth
us from all sin."—1 John i. 7.

A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common
Prayer.

Sunday, Nov. 26th.

The Psalter for the 26th day of the
month.

Morning prayer.
1st Lesson—Proverbs III.
2d Lesson—John x.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Proverbs VIII.
2d Lesson—1 John III.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the
twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

MEXICO, N. Y., Nov. 15, 1876.

I sold more bottles of Hatch's Uni-
versal Cough Syrup, in one year, than of
any similar preparation during the same
time. It is sold on its merits. No cure!
No pay! Hadn't you better try a medi-
cine that your neighbors commend so
highly.

E. L. HUNTINGTON.

No one can give so reliable information
in regard to the value and sale of a medi-
cine as the dealer. Ask your druggist
what he knows about this remedy.
Gratuitous samples can almost always
be obtained. For sale by dealers gen-
erally.

Ordination of a Deaf-Mute.

(From the Standard of the Cross, Oct. 21, 1876.)

Sunday, October 8th, and St. Stephen's
Church, Philadelphia, are memorable in
the calendar of new things, for the first
ordination of a deaf-mute in our Church.
Bishop Stevens is to be honored among
all those who care for the spiritual wants
of this large class in our communities,
for boldly accepting the responsibility of
such an ordination. He appreciated it,
and prepared a sermon for the occasion,
which was something remarkable, because
of its historical character and its strong
argument in behalf of the rightfulness of
this act. He did not hide the fact that
it was a breaking through of the general
tradition of the church; but he showed
that a necessity had arisen in the Provi-
dence of God, which the Church must
meet. The care of thirty thousand souls,
whose ears are closed to the news of the
Gospel, and who can learn of it only
through their own language, ought not
longer to be left to the chances of find-
ing speaking people familiarized to using
the deaf-mute alphabet. It is not neces-
sary to give a synopsis of the sermon,
for we learn that it is to be published, in
compliance with the request of the Bish-
ops, Presbyters and others present on the
occasion. Your own Bishop has taken
interest in it, as your Diocese will; for
you also have taken a step in the same
direction by licensing a deaf-mute as a
lay reader, and admitting him as a candi-
date for the Diaconate. He (Mr. Mann)
was present, and an evidently interested
spectator on this occasion.

Rev. Dr. Rudder, the Rector of St.
Stephen's Church, has shown a lively re-
gard for the deaf-mutes in Philadelphia,
and has opened his church regularly for
their peculiar worship. They feel his
kindness; and, as was to be expected, a
large body of them were in attendance
on this day. To a speaking person it
was a curious sight, in approaching St.
Stephen's, before the doors were open, to
find the sidewalks on both sides of Tenth
street, near the church doors, filled with
eager groups of men, women and children
gesticulating in the sign language. They
filled the front pews, and, being familiar
with the service, seemed to enter heartily
into its spirit.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was the chief in-
terpreter, assisted occasionally by Rev.
Dr. Clerc. They interpreted the whole
service, except the chants and the most
familiar prayers. The Lessons and the
sermon were given with peculiar unction,
and it was possible for one who could
not use the language to follow their sig-
nificant renderings of the spoken ideas.
Nothing was ever more impressive in
the Church of God than the solemn sil-
ences in parts of the ordination service.
When the new Deacon stood in his new
office, and amidst a silence that could be
felt, read the Gospel to a crowd of the
children of silence, tears fell from many
eyes among those who saw the revealing
of God's truth without a sound, for the
first time by a deaf-mute Deacon to his
own people.

The church was crowded in every
part. The chancel was filled by Bishops
Hellmuth, (of Huron, Canada), Bedell,
Elliot and Perry, besides Bishop Stevens,
the Rector of the church (Rev. Dr. Rudder),
and Rev. Mr. Lewis, his Assistant,
Rev. Dr. Clerc, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, and
others; Mr. Sytle, the candidate, being
outside of the rails. More than thirty
deaf-mutes partook in the Holy Commu-
nion, which was administered by the two
Presbyters who are able to officiate in
their language.

A Voiceless Actor.

SHAKESPEARE ENACTED BY A DEAF-MUTE
BEFORE AN ASSEMBLY OF DEAF-MUTES.

Probably an actor never addressed a
more attentive assembly than that which
filled the basement of St. Ann's Church
last night, while Mr. G. W. Jones told
the story of the "Merchant of Venice,"
in a very quaint way. Mr. Jones is
short and stout, his face is round and
brimming over with good nature, and
his whole appearance bespeaks the comic
lecturer. After the applause that greeted
his first appearance upon the platform
had died away, no other sound, except
the noise made by his own feet and
hands disturbed the stillness of the room.
His humorous points, for he rather car-
ricatured Shakespeare's drama, elicited
marked but silent approval, and even
the lecturer's own voice was unheard,
and would have been unheard if he had
spoken, for his congregation could neither
hear nor speak. He is also a deaf-mute,
and a teacher in the New York Insti-
tute for the Deaf and Dumb. He re-
cently graduated, after four years of
study, in the Washington College for
Deaf-mutes, and in addition to his skill in
communicating by the established digital
signs with persons afflicted like himself,
he possesses wonderful power of mimicry.
His mother was an actress in the Old
Bowery Theatre, and under more for-
tunate circumstances he would, unques-
tionably, have risen to eminence in the
same profession. His gestures are so il-
lustrative that it is not difficult for a per-
son ignorant of the sign language used by
the deaf-mutes to interpret much of his
meaning.—*N. Y. Sun*, Nov. 17, 1876.

The newspapers are having a hard
struggle with the Clayton girls, just be-
cause they are having hugging bees.
The Oswego Palladium wonders what the
girls can find to hug in Clayton during
the winter season, unless they hug them-
selves. The editor evidently thinks the
Clayton girls are as hard up as the Os-
wego girls.—*Watertown Times*.

—It is believed that the case of Mr.
Dean, of Oswego, is not a case of love's
labor lost. He has filled forty-two days
with carving a cane of American box-
wood to present to Governor Hayes
when he is elected. Mr. Hayes will
look forward with soul-stirring gratitude
to this presentation.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

A Forger's Career.

THE LIFE AND CRIMES OF FRED INGERSOLL
—A PENNILESS FUGITIVE.

Having ascertained that there had
been additional developments in the case
of Fred Ingersoll, the Pulaski forger, we
took the train for Pulaski Saturday, and
made diligent inquiry among those who
would know if anything new had arisen.
So far as could be learned, all that may
be said to be new in the case are a few
additional forged notes which have re-
cently come to light in Onondaga and
Oswego counties, which bear the names
of not a few "solid" men. On one note
there are no fewer than four forged sig-
natures and endorsements.

As has been heretofore stated, one of
our Syracuse merchants is likely to be
out \$500 by means of these bold and, to
a certain extent, skillful forgeries. In-
gersoll has been tracked from point to
point in the Provinces of Ontario and
Quebec, and it is intimated, has contin-
ued his swindling operations among the
Canadians under various aliases. Quite
recently a man was arrested in Ontario
for a bold series of dishonest acts, and
by many the criminal is thought to be
none other than Ingersoll. It is known
that he has beaten about all the land-
lords in the Dominion out of various
sums; but in this particular line he proved
quite an adept before leaving the
States.

In reviewing the life of so young a
criminal, its good points must not be ig-
nored. He was not particularly noted
for dissipation of any kind, but seemed
to delight in throwing away money. For
instance, when passing along the street,
not having drunk any liquor, the, no
doubt, demented fellow, would impulsively
take a handful of currency from his
pockets and throw it into the street for
the gamins to quarrel over. Whatever he
saw that pleased him he was quite sure
to buy. Since he went to Canada let-
ters and telegrams without number an-
nouncing his dangerous illness and
death have been received by his father,
requesting the latter to go after the body,
but all went unheeded, and the boy crim-
inal is to-day somewhere in Canada, a
wretched and penniless fugitive from jus-
tice.

In Ingersoll's trouble we have another
remarkable illustration of woman's devo-
tion to the man she loves. Ingersoll's
wife is the daughter of respectable but
poor Oswego people, and before her mar-
riage Ingersoll's brother went to her fa-
ther and, stating matters rather plainly,
advised him to forbid the marriage. But
the foolish father thought he knew best,
and the marriage took place. When In-
gersoll was forced

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dr. Gallaudet's Western Trip.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I must write; but where and how to begin is one of the perplexities that has doubtless bothered thousands of correspondents, driving them to all sorts of brain racking, finally making some give up altogether in despair. And then, the next great difficulty, the doing full justice to the subject comes in for its share of attention. These and all other discouraging matters that go to make up the sum of a writer's experience usually grow less and fade away before a determined purpose, which will not stop short of ultimate success.

But to begin: The visit of the Doctor had been long expected by the deaf-mutes of the west. Owing to a great pressure of duties at the east, it had been postponed somewhat beyond the time originally intended. Although made at a time when the public mind was taken up with political affairs to a great degree, the interest manifested in his addresses in relation to the work he so nobly represents was of a character to inspire encouragement.

Beginning at Grand Rapids, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 31, the Dr. spoke in St. Mark's Chapel to a small but appreciative audience, on "The education of the deaf and dumb, and the effort to provide religious instruction for them." There was a goodly sized congregation of deaf-mutes present from the city and vicinity. For them a short sign address was delivered at the close of the oral address. Towards the close of the service several gentlemen, at the Dr.'s invitation, propounded questions which he answered in such a way that a little further light was shed upon a very little-known subject. Bishop Gillespie left the Dr. a note, regretting his inability to be present on this interesting occasion.

By taking the cars the same evening, shortly after the service, we, that is the Dr. and your correspondent, reached Grand Haven, a port on Lake Michigan. It was midnight when we stepped on the steamer "Amazon," which was to carry us across the lake to Milwaukee. The lake was calm and the trip pleasant. A few hours of rest in comfortable berths prepared us for the work of the following day. A fog had risen during the night, and the steamer was one hour late in reaching her wharf. Having stepped on terra firma, we hastened to a street car which took us to a point near All Saints' Cathedral, and the "Clergy House." It was now about time for morning service, the day, Nov. 1st, being All Saints' Day. The Dr. entered the rolling room just in time, and took part in the services.

In the evening the deaf-mutes of the city and vicinity collected at the Cathedral in anticipation of the special service. The night was rainy, but the attendance of speaking persons was good. Bishop Welles was present and delivered an address which Dr. Gallaudet interpreted for the benefit of his mute friends. A most interesting feature of this service was the baptism by the Dr. of the twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Sullivan. Remarking of this on a subsequent occasion, the Dr. said it was the first time in his work as a minister that he had ever administered the sacrament of baptism to twins. After the service, the deaf-mutes had the pleasure of an introduction to the Dr. who appeared greatly pleased at meeting with his silent friends of Milwaukee.

By rising early the following day, we caught the train which brought us to Delavan, Wis., the seat of the State Deaf and Dumb Institution. Principal De Motte cordially welcomed us. In the afternoon the classes were dismissed an hour earlier than usual, and Dr. Gallaudet delivered a long and interesting address to the pupils in the chapel. In the evening he spoke at Christ Church in the village.

The train which we boarded still earlier the next morning, brought us to Racine, the seat of Racine College. The Warden, Dr. DeKoven, sent his carriage to bring us down. Arriving at the college, we were shown to our rooms at the warden's house. After dinner we were taken over the buildings and grounds by the warden. At 5:30 p. m., the students assembled in the college chapel for prayers. The Dr. made this an occasion for an address to them, and they were evidently greatly interested. After taking tea with the warden, we rode down to St. Paul's Church, where the Dr. made another address. On this as on subsequent occasions, your correspondent rendered in signs the Hyman, "Nearer my God to Thee." Returning to the college a pleasant evening hour was spent in the society of Dr. De Koven and his sisters Mrs. Casco and Mrs. Dyer.

The next morning found us ready for another experience of railroad travel. The train left the Junction at eight o'clock. Intervening space was passed over at a rate of speed that would have made our forefathers tremble and wish to get off.

At Chicago we were met at the depot by Rev. Dr. Harris, Rector of St. James' Church. Taking a hack we rode with him to the rectory on Rush street, adjoining the church. Overcoats were thrown off for only a few minutes, and a little rest indulged in. The hands of the clock had nearly indicated the hour of noon, when we were off again, three of us, bound for the Grand Pacific Hotel, to meet the Bishop and city clergy. Arriving just in time we found a knot of clergyman with the Bishop in their midst awaiting our coming. Adjoining to one of the parlors of this justly famous hotel, Dr. Gallaudet made a statement in relation to the "Church Mission to Deaf-mutes," which enlisted the interest of all who heard him. The meeting lasted about twenty minutes. At its close the clergy scattered to their respective fields of labor.

In the evening the Dr. and the writer went to the rooms of the Chicago Deaf-

mute Society, No. 89, East Madison street, where a large crowd was gathered to receive the former. After the preliminary hand-shaking and conversation, he made a short address. The gathering broke up about ten o'clock.

On the following Sunday the Dr. preached in the morning to the regular congregation of St. James' Church. At three o'clock we met his mute friends at their rooms as above, and he preached to them from the text, "Be strong in the Lord." In the evening a large assemblage greeted him at the church where he dwelt upon the theme with which he is thoroughly familiar, and gave them much information in regard to the work of teaching the deaf. A large number of his silent friends occupied the front seats, and to them he made a short sign address. The collection at this service amounted to sixty-five dollars.

The following morning two travelers might have been seen boarding the famous Day Express on the Michigan Central, bound for Jackson, Mich. They were to all appearances serving themselves for a long ride of two hundred miles, which would have been fearfully tedious but for the great speed and comfort for which the "Central" is justly celebrated. At Jackson the aforesaid travelers were met at the depot by Rev. J. T. Magrath, of St. Paul's Church, and conducted to the rectory. In the evening, according to announcement, the service was held. Among the deaf-mutes present were several from abroad. After the service Dr. Gallaudet, who, as the reader surmises, constituted one of the party of "two travelers," met his silent friends at Mr. Kerr's hospitable home at the end of Washington street. After spending an hour there, he returned to the rectory and spent the night. In the morning, we, that is the two travelers, began our journey towards Flint. Before leaving the Dr. walked up to Steele's famous gallery and sat for his photograph at the request of Mr. Kerr.

Arriving at Flint we were met by Mr. J. W. Parker, the Principal of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, at the depot, with a carriage. We spent the evening at the Institution. In the chapel on the following morning the pupils had the pleasure of hearing a short address from their friend whom they had seen on certain occasions before. An interesting occasion of the service in the city was the baptism of a lady, a graduate of the Institution.

The following day, (Nov. 9th,) found us in Detroit enjoying the hospitalities of Dr. Worthington of St. John's Church. Bishop McCoskey attended the service in the evening and made a feeling address at the close of Dr. Gallaudet's remarks.

Taking the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern train the next morning, we reached Cleveland in the afternoon. At the depot Dr. Washburn, of Grace Church, met us and took us to the rectory, 677 Euclid Ave., where we remained during our visit in the city. A sign service was held at three o'clock, p. m., on the Sunday following, and attended by deaf-mutes only. In the evening, at seven, a "combined service" followed. Dr. Washburn read the service while Dr. Gallaudet interpreted it in the way familiar to all who have attended such occasions. Then followed an oral address, and a sign rendition of a hymn. There were between thirty-five and forty deaf-mutes present, several coming from a distance.

On the Monday morning following our friend and brother left for the east in company with Dr. Washburn, intending to attend the Church Congress at Boston before returning to New York.

A. W. M.

Honor to whom Honor is Due.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—In your issue of November 2d, appears a communication over the signature of John Barriock giving what he calls "historical facts" in regard to the religious movements of the mutes of this city and which he ventures to assert may be "of value for future reference."

Allow me a few lines in your columns to supply a curious omission in the "historical facts" and to do justice to one whom the writer of that article has seen fit to entirely ignore.

First I will premise that the article in question is totally useless "for future reference" as the veracious historian has been careful to eliminate therefrom too many valuable historical facts—it seems to have been written, not "in behalf of the mutes of Cincinnati," but solely on behalf of the writer himself.

For instance in a two-column article where do we once find mention of Mr. Joseph H. Vance as connected with the work during the past five years? Nowhere! unless it be at the end where he is referred to incidentally as withdrawing, leaving it to be inferred that he withdrew from it. It is always "I had the honor," "I was consulted," "I have been," &c., when the fact is Mr. Vance has been connected with the work ever since its inception, he and Mr. Barriock occupying the stand alternately each Sunday. They were jointly delegated to the work, Mr. Vance doing the lion's share of it, often conducting the services for months at a time without any assistance from Mr. B. In fact Mr. Vance was for a long time the main pillar of the concern, without whom it could not have been maintained a single month, (this is a "historical fact") and yet Mr. Barriock has not a word of recognition for him in his long "report."

Mr. Vance is an humble worker in his Master's vineyard, and is not and never was a self-seeker, but if Mr. Barriock can not appreciate his services the mutes of Cincinnati and vicinity can and this is written by one of them simply to do justice to one who has ever been a true-hearted friend, preferring others above himself, and who has long given his valuable time and labor to the advancement and aid of his fellow mutes, and to give honor to whom honor is due.

R. P. MCGREGOR.
Cincinnati, O., Nov. 11, 1876.

New York Institution Notes.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Scarcely anything of importance has transpired in our secluded little spot since I last wrote, so I am afraid that I have not much that will be of interest to your readers.

At election time party feeling was running very high with us, as it generally does here at that time. Tilden and Hayes have been the standard topics for discussion for a long time, and consequently are not very interesting now. On election day we ascertained how the pupils stood on the question. I cannot give the exact figures, but "Tilden and Reform" were in a hopeless minority among them. For the benefit of all married aspirants for the presidency, I will here record that all but three of the girls were for Hayes. They were all very eager to know how Dr. Peet stood on the question, but got nothing for their pains.

On election day, we had a half holiday, and should probably have had plenty of fun had not it all been spoiled by an exasperating rain which kept a continuous drizzle from daylight till dark. The next day the Tildenites were jubilant over the announced result, and the Hayesites looked as if they had something in their stomachs that disagreed with them. But the following day it was the Tildenites' turn to look glum; since then, the attitude and longitude of faces on both sides, have been about the same.

Old Fanwood does not seem to lose a bit of its attractiveness in its advancing years, and visitors are just as plenty as blackberries in August.

The other day the venerable Mr. Barclay, one of the oldest directors of the Philadelphia Institution, made us a short visit.

Dr. Gillett, Principal of the Illinois Institution, staid with us Tuesday.

Mr. Martin Brown, one of the High Class Alumni of '75, called on his old schoolfellows on the 5th inst. To look on his herculean frame, one would not think that fighting the battle of life was very hard work for him.

Mr. William A. Jackson, another of our alumni, who was, as some of your readers will recollect, our valedictorian for '76, and is now a student in the National Deaf-mute College, came to see us on election day, having come home from Washington to vote.

Mr. Sidney H. Howard, of Arcade, N. Y., the valedictorian for '73, is just now making us a visit. He has been to the Centennial and stopped here on his way back. He appears much the same as he used to, and you may be sure he met with a hearty welcome. He had intended to return home by way of the New York Central, and so call on his friends in Utica, Rome and Rochester, but cannot, being obliged to take a more southern route.

Last Saturday evening, the Fanwood Literary Association assembled in the chapel to decide the obtruse question, "Which sex exerts the most influence, male or female?" The debate was warm and very interesting on both sides and lasted nearly an hour and a half. Then President Jones briefly summed up the arguments and put the question. The excitement was intense during the counting of the votes. The ballot stood 77 for males and 92 for females. The defeated males were magnanimous enough to applaud the result. It is a point worth noting that every young lady present, with one exception, voted with commendable self-respect for her own sex.

One of our pupils, J. F. Perez, was in the train on the New York & Pennsylvania Railroad, which was thrown off the track near Communipaw, the other day. He extricated himself by breaking a window, and crawling out through it, and swimming to the shore. He was uninjured with the exception of a few scratches.

Fanwood, N. Y., Nov. 19th, 1876.

Kansas Institution Notes.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I think that somebody should feel called upon to send you items concerning the Kansas Institution. However, these of mine may not be of special interest to your readers.

Two months have elapsed since this school began its session, with a small number of pupils. It is now November, and the beautiful display of flowers has entirely disappeared; the trees have been made bare by Jack Frost, and the weather is day by day increasing in cold, thereby warning us of the approach of a severe winter. At this writing we have an attendance of seventy-nine pupils, forty of whom are girls. Several more pupils are expected.

The industrial department has been provided with workshops for shoemaking, printing and needlework. It is an established fact that this department is a great advantage to the pupils. Some of them already show good specimens of work in shoemaking.

Mr. Theodore C. Bowles, who fills the office of Superintendent, is a gentleman of high moral character and intellectual culture. The writer's familiarity with the New York Institution, (of which he was a pupil for nine years), enables him to say that Mr. Bowles is eminently qualified for the position he holds.

He is strict and firm, yet he is also so genial, so kind and so truly paternal in his manner that he gains the respect and affection of the pupils and of all others who know him. He is widely and favorably known all over Kansas. Under his efficient management everything is progressing satisfactorily. He has been doing a good work in promoting the intellectual department.

Mrs. E. Bowles, our highly esteemed matron, is truly worthy of the position she holds. She is not only an intelligent and dignified lady, but is looked upon as a mother by the pupils, who are under her charge.

All who are connected with the Institution express themselves as being perfectly delighted with the Superintendent and Matron.

Olathe, Kansas, Nov. 11th, 1876.

National Deaf-Mute College Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 16, '76. EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.—Politics is, as usual, the absorbing topic of conversation here, and the present uncertainty of the election is like "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick" to the students.

Some of the Tildenites hanged and then burned an effigy of Hayes, to the great indignation of the Hayesites, who were heard to mutter "curses not loud but deep." The Democrats seem to be having a good time thus far at the expense of the Republicans, but you know the old saying "they grow best, who grow last," and the tables may yet be turned on the Tildenites, when the true result of the election is known.

Waters of '79, and Jackson of '82, went home on the 5th inst., to vote, and have returned. Both cast their votes for Hayes, like smart boys, which they are.

Branner, Kelly, King and Wain, all of '82, and Wood of '81, spent a few days last week at the Centennial Exposition. They did not want to give the other students a chance to point the finger of scorn at them as "Centennial curiosities," who had not been to the big show.

On the evening of the 11th, there was a grand carnival, in which the students participated almost to a man, grotesquely dressed and masked. We danced Indian fashion around a big bonfire, to the stirring music (!) of a huge tin kettle, and then marched in a procession around the college buildings. The exercises closed with a brilliant display of fireworks. The celebration was in honor of Peter Cooper, the greenback candidate for the presidency.

An Athletic Association has been newly organized in this college, through the kind interest of the faculty, who look to the physical as well as the mental and moral development of the students. A programme of the games to be played during the Thanksgiving holidays and the prizes offered to the winners has been made up. Space in the JOURNAL is too valuable to give the list of the games and prizes, but suffice it to say that they differ in no wise from those in other colleges.

A Rugby foot-ball and a set of quoits have been kindly presented to the students by two members of the faculty, and they are being played with every day. Whatever may be said of the treatment of the students by the faculties of other colleges, it cannot be denied that the faculty of this college have always been most considerate and liberal toward us.

STUDENT.

Notes from the Western Metropolis.

(From our own Correspondent.)

CHICAGO, Nov. 16, 1876. EDITOR JOURNAL.—I am at a loss to know where to commence this letter. There has been nothing of importance going on in Chicago for the last week or two. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Mr. A. W. Mann were here Sunday before last. Dr. G. gave us a splendid sermon in the afternoon, and in the evening we all went to St. James' Church, where he interpreted the sermon of the rector. The church was crowded. Many mutes from the country came to participate in the enjoyment. Miss Robinson, of Syracuse, a fine young mute lady, was the guest of Miss C. Hathaway, and was one of the visitors. Mr. Cotton, Mr. Gage, Mr. and Mrs. Mills, the guests of Mr. Barnum, were also there. I cannot remember the names of all the guests. We enjoyed Dr. G.'s and Mr. M.'s visit very much, and shall hail their coming again with joy. Mr. Mann will be here again on the 26th. We shall all welcome the coming of that day, as we look forward to his visit with much pleasure.

Sunday, the 11th, Mr. E. P. Holmes gave us a short but pleasant lecture. There were but few at the meeting, owing, I think, to the weather, which is very changeable at present.

Wednesday, the 15th, being the birthday of the youngest mute bride in Chicago, in company with the president of the society, and James Gibney, your correspondent surprised the bride by walking into her house at eight o'clock. We spent a very pleasant evening, and at ten were ready to go. But no; we must first eat of the good things the bride's sister had provided. We talked, ate and laughed until we were tired out and then thought it was time for us to set our faces homeward. We hope soon to number the bride, Mrs. F. F. Andrews, and her husband as members of our Society. She had been quite sick for several days, but was then better and as spry as ever. Mrs. A. is a graduate of the Michigan Institution, and Mr. A. also, I believe. She is as full of fun as she can be, always ready to play a joke and take one, too.

Can any of the readers of the JOURNAL forward me, in care of this paper, the address of Ella Sprague, a former pupil of the New York Institution, and that of Miss C. V. Hagadorn; if so, I will feel much obliged.

SALLIE.

Debate in Dumb Show.

On the 27th ult., there appeared an article in the Brooklyn Times headed as above, (think of it, fellow mutes,) undoubtedly written by Lytton Bulwer, which is supposed to be an account of the political debate that recently took place before the Manhattan Literary Association, and is remarkable only for its numerous mistakes, and the number of times his name occurs. People who are continually "blowing their own trumpet," can be of little or no account except in their own estimation.

A. B. C.

Brooklyn, Oct. 28, 1876.

New York and Vicinity Notes.

On the 21st ult., a debate took place before the Manhattan Literary Association on the following unique question: "Was Gen. Custer's death justifiable to that of Capt. Jack."

This subject was handled in some such style as that famous debate, (which is the heaviest a pound of lead or a pound of feathers) some two years ago.

On the following Thursday evening another debate took place on "The political questions of the day," which "Tully" styles "queer doings," and wants to know "why in all reason deaf-mutes do not go with their hearing brethren and join hearing clubs, where," according to his thinking, "they would be much more benefited." This we do not see in that light, having tried his plan, and found it wanting, as all business, etc., was conducted orally. In other words we might ask him about the same question, to wit: Why does he not attend some school nearer his home, and be taught in the same manner as other people? For the simple reason that he cannot hear, and that is exactly what's the matter with the mutes who live in the city.

In justice to our friend "Wellington," who is one of the Committee on Lectures, etc., we must say that he was not aware the above question was to be discussed until it was too late to be prevented.

On the 7th inst., considerable interest was created by the occasion of the following question: Should marriage exclude woman from teaching in public schools? This was well handled, especially that portion of it done by volunteers. Mr. S. S. Howard, of Arcade, N. Y., being one of them.

Your correspondent "Agrippa" pretends to be an enthusiast in the cause of deaf-mute education, he having recently published an article in an obscure Brooklyn paper saying that the proper authorities would do well "to pass a measure" for an annual appropriation for the support of the St. Joseph's (Catholic) Institute for Deaf-mutes. If, before writing, he had stopped and thought for a few moments he would have seen how absurd his scheme was, for if the support of sectarian institutions, etc., was once undertaken it would be a death-blow to the bulwarks of our country—the public schools. For that reason we are opposed to the county or State making an appropriation for the support of the above named Institution, though we are in favor of establishing more schools for deaf-mutes.

He also says there are a large number of mutes in Brooklyn who are growing up in ignorance, because their parents do not know where the New York Institution stands. We do not believe this is true, for if such were the fact it would have been known and remedied a long time ago, as there is a law in this State, which compels every child (deaf-mute not excepted) between certain years of age to attend school for at least three months annually.

OSCEOLA.

New York, Nov. 14, 1876.

Boston Notes.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Having seen that I omitted to send in my article in your issue of the 2d inst. the names of the officers of the newly-formed "New England Deaf-mute Mission," for which some of your readers may inquire, I will now give them.

President—George Homer. Secretary—William P. Wade. Treasurer—Adam Acheson. General Manager—E. N. Bowes. Directors—E. N. Bowes, Stephen Rines, John Magee.

It will be seen that they are the tools of Mr. Bowes, and your readers who are acquainted in Boston will have to judge for themselves by looking over the above list in regard to their characters.

The Mission may be called the Deaf-mute Tammany Ring, as it is generally believed that Mr. Bowes' object in forming his society is to raise money to pay his personal debts, because he has run badly in debt since he was discharged from his position of manager by the trustees of the late Library Association last spring.

I understood that the Mission has temporarily leased a room in the Temple's Hall, at 488 Washington St., and is open afternoons of week days, and perhaps in the evening (which I do not know fully). I saw in the papers that they held their first religious service in the forenoon of Sunday last.

The Mission has begun to be in working order, and it remains to be seen whether things are speeding along smoothly in the Mission or not. Up to the present date I have not heard that any bad result has happened.

Your readers may be interested to learn that some eight or ten mutes have become members of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, at different times since last winter. It is one of the finest buildings inside and outside, both, and is very worthy of visiting, and has been moved from the old site on Washington St. to the new and present site, No. 18 Boylston St., between Tremont and Washington Sts. Any of your readers who should happen to be in Boston, will feel well repaid by dropping in to visit the Union building. Among the mute members are Elias J. Welch and W. H. Kraus, who were the officers of the late Library Association, and are well known abroad.

DEAD SHOT.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 13, 1876.

—During the past ten days J. Hoose, of this village, bought 10,000 boxes of cheese—619,400 lbs., costing \$75,828.54. Pretty good business that.

—A day or two since Amos Dawley killed two pigs, thirteen months old, and after being dressed, one weighed 222 lbs. and the other 430 lbs. Amos feels a little bit proud of his pigs, and no wonder.

Another Deaf-Mute Lunatic.

George Kriebel, who left the New York Institution last winter, when the fever broke out, has become hopelessly insane. He showed some signs of insanity during the summer and fall, but he was thought to be harmless until about two or three weeks ago, when he attempted to kill his infirm widowed mother, which proved him to be a very dangerous case. He was speedily transferred to the State Asylum at this place, where, after a lengthy examination by the physicians, he was declared incurable, and thence transferred to the County Lunatic Asylum at Rome, where he will probably spend the remainder of his life. His poor widowed mother had looked to him for support in her declining years, but now she finds that she will have to depend upon charity.

Utica, Nov. 14, 1876.

S.

GOSSIP FROM NEW YORK.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Nov. 18, 1876.

It would seem as if our city were in the hands of swindlers and confidence people. We are apt to laugh at the credulity of "country folks," and when a man is duped by the pocket-book game, or some equally well known device of rogues, we laugh at his "greenness," and congratulate ourselves on the fact that no such mishaps could possibly befall us. In the face of this, not a day goes by that some one is not duped in the most barefaced manner, and frequently for large sums. One day it is a woman professing to own immense property in a foreign country, who borrows the names of eminent clergymen, to use in support of her assertions, and the funds of the party whom she designs to make use of, until she comes to a little too far, and is found out; not, however, until several amounts, which combined, reach the sum of several thousand dollars.

Next an adventuresome appears on the boards, who, for ten years, has lived at fashionable boarding houses throughout the Union, and who, within the last few weeks, has been giving Fifth Avenue the benefit of her presence, engaging board at prices varying from \$100 to \$300 a week, and slipping out at the end of that time, leaving the police at fault and unable to lay their hands on her.

The strangest of these cases, however, is that of Mary Stewart, whose history is now being investigated. A few days prior to the election, the daily papers contained a brief notice of a woman having been brutally assaulted and outraged by a policeman, whom she had asked to show her to a respectable lodging, she having lost her way. The man was discharged, although pointed out by her, for lack of identification. The comment on this by people who merely saw the statement was not very favorable to the powers that be, and it was hinted that had it not been near election, officer Gleason would have been summarily discharged and brought to trial. It now appears that this woman has made several such charges, and a man is now serving out a sentence of twenty years in Sing Sing, the result of a complaint entered and prosecuted by her; with the possibility that in this case, as in the last ones, the statement was false. One feels inclined to ask, in the face of these various cases, which are only a few among many, what our police are worth, or whether we have any very great reason to flap our wings and crow over our country neighbors!

The Franklin, with Tweed, is in harbor, but it is said by those who know, that the old "Boss" will show fight. He disclaims the right of the United States government to turn him over to the civil authorities, and says he can legally make them send him back, as Spain had no right to give him up, there being no Extradition Treaty with that country. The civil authorities laugh, and feel satisfied that in a day or two at farthest, Tweed will be ensconced in his eight by twenty room in Ludlow Street jail, and Sheriff Connor be released from the liabilities he incurred when he let him slip through his fingers. Undoubtedly the fact that possession is nine points of the law, will be exemplified in this case.

In spite of the fact that Saturday was raw and chilly, the Coaching Club, or a portion of them, drove out to the Polo Club grounds to engage in that popular game. Some of the members, with a few of the ladies, amused themselves with lawn tennis, which is rapidly crowding croquet out of the field.

Rev. Dr. Field, editor of the New York Evangelist, inaugurated the free course of lectures in Cooper Institute, Saturday evening, by giving his impressions of "Going Around the World."

It was a bright and cheerful lecture, and the lecturer looked animated and happy. He is just in the second week of his second honeymoon, having been married on the 9th inst., to Miss Frances E. Dwight, at Stockbridge, Mass. Miss Dwight was a warm friend of the first Mrs. Field, and while on her death-bed, the latter requested her friend and husband to marry. The dying injunction, in this case, fortunately met with the approval of both parties, and they were able to fulfill it without doing any violence to their own feelings. Unfortunately this is not always the case. A certain well-known senator's wife died and made a similar request, the young lady being her sister. The senator would have made his sister-in-law his wife, but she did not care for him. Her sister had wrung the promise from her, and, feeling bound by it, she let her chance of happiness slip by, by refusing the man she really wished to marry. So the best years of life slipped away, until the widower became tired of waiting, and finding a Barlis who was willing, made her his wife. This absolved the young lady in question, but not until the best part of her life had been wasted, and too late for her to marry "her own first love."

Fanny Davenport played Rosalind, Saturday evening, to an enthusiastic audience, but she was Fanny Davenport and not Shakespeare's Rosalind. The text was Shakespeare's, but it needs expurgation.

The Essopoff Concerts have delighted everybody, and we are all anxious, like Oliver Twist, for "more."

The college athletic games are drawing out many people to view the sports of the boys, and muscular scholarship is now in the ascendant.

The Flamingo suits, popular several years ago, are again coming in for little girls. They are made of scarlet merino, cashmere or flannel, and are trimmed with black braid.

Kid is among the new importations for dress-trimmings. The vest, cuffs and bands are of this material in all colors, and embroidered with silk in shades to harmonize, or in the natural colors of the leaves and flowers.

Some of the new embroidered gallons are very handsome. A few have fine jets and beads introduced again.

News of the Week.

The steamer Parthia, which sailed from Liverpool, Saturday, for New York, took out \$75,000 specie.

Later accounts say that 120,000 persons perished during the cyclone which passed through Eastern Bengal on the 31st of October. The government is taking active steps for the relief of the distressed population of the district.

There is \$219,488.38 less canal tolls this year than last.

The Erie road is now squarely up with its employes.

Two notorious characters have been arrested in Chicago for the attempted robbery of the tomb of Abram Lincoln, Nov. 7.

The fight over the returns in Florida will be a bitter one.

John Dove, the oldest Grand Masonic Secretary in the world, died at Richmond, Va., Thursday, aged 84 years.

There were nearly ten million admissions to the centennial from May 10 to November 10; the cash receipts were \$3,813,724.

Turkey has agreed to take part in the conference.

Syracuse Northern Improvements.

That the management of the Syracuse Northern branch of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg railroad company is fully determined to keep abreast of the times is evinced by the various improvements completed and in contemplation along almost the entire length of the division. The first thing and among the most important with which we are to deal are the guards for drive bridges, which are to be suspended at every point along the road, where a drive bridge is located. These consist of wires stretched over the track with stick attachments, and are designed to prevent any more accidents of the nature of last summer when a man, standing on the top of a freight car, was killed by coming in contact with one of these bridges. With the general adoption of the system of guards, danger from this source need no more be apprehended. The system is the invention, we are informed, of Superintendent Brown, and is worthy of adoption by every railroad corporation in the country.

The next matter to which we would invite attention, is the new passenger depot at Central Square, which will be completed and ready for occupancy by next Tuesday or Wednesday. The company has long needed a depot at this station, having heretofore used that of the Midland, and the need is about to be almost acceptably supplied.

A new siding has been constructed at Highland cut, just south of Liverpool, for the convenience of the Highland Course Salt Company, and another one in this city to accommodate the Salt Springs Company. These have been constructed in obedience to a growing demand, and will be found to be a mutual advantage to the railroad company as well as the salt companies.

Then there is the new and commodious passenger depot at Pulaski, which has been already noticed in these columns, and a new freight office at the north end of the company's freight house in this city, whose need has been sorely felt for a considerable time.

The foregoing, and much more which might be added, indicate, as was stated at the outset, that the Syracuse Northern road is run in the interest of the public as much as in that of the stockholders. *Syracuse Standard.*

Harper's Magazine

For December, beginning the Fifty-fourth Volume, is not only an especially attractive number, from the beauty of its numerous illustrations, but is also distinguished by the unusual variety and interest of its contents. It is embellished with more than eighty exquisite engravings, and contains, besides the five editorial departments, twenty-four contributions, covering every possible variety in the field of magazine literature. The descriptive illustrated pages treat of Genoa and its celebrities, living and dead; the Philippine Islands; recent ethnological discoveries in Tennessee; and the social life of the Knickerbockers of New York two hundred years ago. Porto Crayon's illustrated paper on "Boys and Girls" is in his characteristic style. In fiction this number is brilliant. R. D. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," &c., begins a novel entitled "Fremia; or, My Father's Sin." The Editor's Easy Chair discusses Political Mass-Meetings, Newspapers and Orators, Our Transatlantic Critics, and the Kitchen Question, concluding with some suggestive hints as to beefsteak and apple pie. The other editorial departments are well sustained.

The death of one of the older residents of Brookfield recalls an incident in her career, which happened some fifteen years ago—

She was going to Stamford to visit a daughter, and took her seat in the cars for the first and only time in her life. During the ride an accident occurred whereby the car in which she was seated was thrown down an embankment and demolished. Crawling out from beneath the debris she spied a man who was held down in a sitting posture by his legs being fastened.

"Is this Stamford?" she anxiously inquired.

The man was from Boston. He was in considerable pain, but he did not lose sight of the fact that he was from Boston, so he said:

"No, this is a catastrophe."

"Oh," ejaculated the old lady; "then I hadn't oughter got off here?"

This was so evident as to make a reply unnecessary.—*Danbury News.*

"You'll never marry again, Susie, you grieve so after Izick. Wasn't twice or three times you fainted at the grave?"

"Bress yo' soul, Sary, it wur free times I fainted, an' de last time I neber like to come to."

"Oh, Susie, you'll neber marry again, will yer?"

"Bress yo' soul, Frank Dunn ax't me 'bout dis befo' my po' husband died, and I promised him if he died I'd hab him an' I b'longs to de church, an' I won't tell a lie."

A lady who was suffering under a slight indisposition told her husband that it was with the greatest difficulty she could breathe, and the effort distressed her exceedingly. "I would not try, my dear," soothingly replied the husband.

The ladies of the M. E. congregation, in New Haven, will give an Oyster Supper in the basement of the new church, for the benefit of the same, on Thursday evening, the 23d inst.

A Faiseworthy Project.

We hope none of our readers will fail to see in another column what has been done towards establishing a public Reading Room in this village. It is only a beginning, but there is hope in the movement. We know by experience the value of such a place of resort, and have long urged that one be opened here. Few young men habitually spend their evenings at home. Why they do not it is not now our purpose to inquire; but such is the fact. Where do they go? What places of instruction and amusement does our village offer to them? There is now and then a concert, a lecture, a traveling theatre, and all the time the hotels keep open bar-rooms, two billiard saloons send out their invitations, and we know not to what places even more pernicious they may be decoyed. Then there are the stores—more especially the grocery stores—to lounge in, where gossip is retailed in large quantities, but without profit to the proprietors. Those who flock here are, we believe, thrifty men with families, but the merchant has no wish to call in the boys; he has already uncommercial visitors enough. Are these the best influences to be thrown around a young man homeless or straying? The best culture for the sons of our fathers?

It is hoped that this movement to open a place of resort which will not only be free as possible from pernicious influences, but afford rational entertainment, pleasures which elevate, where, by reading and other means, the mind may be healthfully fed and stimulated, will be encouraged.

This will cost something, and in a few days our citizens will be called upon for contributions. Can we afford to withhold our money and our personal efforts from so worthy an object?

MEXICO, N. Y., Nov. 10, 1876.

In response to a call printed in the *INDEPENDENT*, for those interested in the forming of a public reading room to meet at the headquarters of the Hayes and Wheeler Club, 36 persons responded, among these 17 were parents or men in business in town. Remarks were made by Messrs. H. L. Cole, A. F. Kellogg, H. Humphries, L. H. Conklin, H. H. Bushnell, and H. J. Allen, giving the reasons why a reading room ought to be formed, as to its relative value, and the lasting influence that had grown out of similar organizations, and that would grow out of a reading room well conducted here or anywhere.

The following motions were carried: That we at once establish a reading room in Mexico. That the house appoint a committee of three to draft a constitution and by-laws and to furnish a place of meeting to hold preliminaries in.

The following were named as such committee: Henry Humphries, L. H. Conklin, C. F. Tuller.

Every one present was requested to talk with their neighbors and try to awaken an interest in them, and as each business man, every father, every householder felt an interest in our young men, our boys, and the welfare of all, to show that interest by meeting with us at our next meeting.

Adjourned to meet at time and place named by the committee, and the same to be printed in our village paper.

H. L. COLE, Chairman.

L. L. VIRGIL, Sec'y.

Neal Dow,

The celebrated temperance lecturer and author of the Maine Liquor Law, will deliver a temperance address in the Methodist church, Wednesday evening, Dec. 27th. The lecture will be under the auspices of the Rechabite Tent of this village. He is an able and eloquent speaker and we doubt not the house will be crowded.

—Thanksgiving Day soon.
—We are fond of turkeys.
—Rah for Hayes and Tilden.
—H. M. Bard has repainted his house on Washington street.
—The Fall Term of the Academy will close next week.

—When you see "Johnny" Jones ask him why he didn't visit the Centennial.
—We regret to learn that Hon. Avery Skinner, of Union Square, is again in failing health.

—Miss Frank Barnes, of Antwerp, is visiting her many friends in this place, all of whom are very glad to see her again.

—The winter term in school Dist. No. 7, in this village, begins Monday next (Nov. 20th). Teachers, Myron Collins and Mrs. Milton Parsons.

—The Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Presbyterian church in this village, have just sent a box, valued at over \$105, to a home missionary's family.

—The holiday trade will soon begin, and this is the season to advertise extensively. Shrewd business men secure a heavy trade by so doing.

—We have received from Ward Sprague, of Sandy Creek, a sheet of music, "Have You Heard the Good News?" of which he is the composer and publisher. The music is of considerable merit, and we wish Mr. Sprague all success.

—We learn that it has been decided to dedicate the new M. E. church in New Haven the 29th inst.

REMARKABLE REMEDY!

Cheiroline,

For the Cure of Chapped Lips and Hands and all irritation of the Skin.

SUPERIOR TO EVERY OTHER PREPARATION!

IT ALWAYS CURES.

1876. FALL EXHIBIT. 1876

JOHN J. HART, OSWEGO,

has the pleasure of introducing a
REFORM
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Dry Goods Trade,

BY OFFERING FOR CASH
BARGAINS
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n all the Latest Novelties.

SILKS—Black and Colored,

Suited to the wants of the most economical and fastidious.

SHAWLS,

of the Best Makes, in SCOTCH, ENGLISH, FRENCH, and AMERICAN fabrics.

CLOAKS and SACQUES,

a Very Desirable Stock, in the Latest Fashions.

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CLOTHS,

the Finest ENGLISH and AMERICAN Goods in the market.

CASSIMERES—A Splendid Stock.

Gentlemen's & Ladies' Knit Goods,

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FLANNELS.

At the Lowest Price for years.

All Domestic at Bottom Prices

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

RUGS, MATS, &c.,

Lowest Rates of This Season.

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PIRRUNG'S

Scrubbing Machine

Goit & Castle.

This Mop cleans the floor and takes up all the dirt water into a box, without kneeling, stooping or wetting the hands. It differs from the Rubber Mop in having a box to receive and hold the dirty water until emptied, and is the only machine in the world which possesses that advantage.

NO CLOTH IS NEEDED.

With it one person can do more work and it better, than five can with any other Mop.

Every Family Needs One.

Saloons, Stores, and Offices in using it save its cost every week. Hotels will not be without them, and buy them by the Dozen. It is made of the very best material, is durable and lasts from three to five years. It saves more hard work than a Clothes Wringer, that costs from \$5 to \$8.

Price, \$2.00 each.

For sale by GOIT & CASTLE, Mexico, June 6, 1876.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

—For 1876.—

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DEAF-MUTE PAPER!

The Acknowledged Leader

OF THE

Deaf-Mute Press.

The unprecedented encouragement we have received during the year from the most intelligent deaf-mutes in the country, and from gentlemen, the very leaders of the profession, stimulates us to renewed exertion, and we are determined, as far as the power within us lies, to make

{ The Journal } { A Marvel of Deaf- }
for 1876, { Mute Journalism. }

We are ever on the alert for first-class additions to our list, and arrangements are now making by which we hope soon to announce

An Unequalled Corps of Contributors.

The prominent features of the year will be continued, and new ones from time to time inaugurated.

THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT

is acceptable to our better class of readers, and during the year, be exceedingly rich in varied Foreign Notes.

THE ITEMIZER.

This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and newsy paragraphs.

We shall make the

Journal Progressive

In every sense of the term, and in all respect we shall be fully up to the times. We assure our readers that all we can do shall be done to make the JOURNAL instructive and attractive.

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Fall Term

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Mexico, June 26, 1876.

L. H. Conklin

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Mexico, Nov. 6, 1876.

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MORTGAGE SALE.—Whereas default has been made in the payment of money secured to be paid by a mortgage dated the 12th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two, executed between Collins Smith, of the town of Palermo, County of Oswego, and Celestine L. Smith, his wife, of the same place, of the first part, and Esther Williams, of the town of Mexico, and Esther Williams, of the town of Mexico, and Esther Williams, of the second part, and which mortgage was recorded in the Clerk's office in the said county of Oswego, on the 16th day of November, 1875, at 2 o'clock P. M., in Liber 107 of mortgages, at page 274. And whereas the said mortgage has been duly assigned and assigned to Timothy W. Skinner, who is now the legal owner and holder thereof. And whereas the amount claimed to be due on the said mortgage at the time of the first publication of this notice is the sum of \$77 principal, \$27.78 interest, and making in all the sum of \$104.78, and that no proceedings in law or in equity have been instituted to recover the same or any part thereof. Now therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and duly recorded as aforesaid, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described, at public auction, at the office of Skinner & Wright, in the village of Mexico, Oswego Co., and State of New York, on the 10th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day. The premises are described in the said mortgage as follows:

All that tract or parcel of land situated in the town of Palermo, in the county of Oswego, State aforesaid, known and distinguished as the north half of sub-division lot number four (4) of great lot No. nine (9) in the north part of township number fourteen (14) of Section 16, town of Palermo, containing by estimation sixty-eight, 66-100 acres of land more or less.

Also another piece or parcel of land situate in the same town, county, and State, being part of subdivision three (3) of great lot nine (9) of the fourth (14) township of Section 16, Patent and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning in the center of the highway at the north-west corner of lands formerly owned by Sanford Mason, thence south 22° east along the center of said highway two chains and fifty links, thence north 73° east along the center of said highway to a stake standing on the east line of said subdivision three, thence north 23° east along said east line to the south-east corner of land now owned by Truman Walton, thence along Walton's line twenty chains to the center of the highway, the place of beginning, containing four and 92-100 acres of land.

Dated the 10th day of November, 1876.

TIMOTHY W. SKINNER, Assignee.

SKINNER & WRIGHT, PH'S Att'ys, Mexico, N. Y.

Syracuse Northern Railroad.

GOING NORTH—LEAVE

A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.

Syracuse 3 30 12 50 5 00 7 00

Central Square 4 22 1 40 5 55 8 50

Mallory 4 32 1 50 6 07 9 12

Hastings 4 44 2 02 6 15 9 30

Union Square 4 56 2 14 6 27 9 42

Holmesville 5 07 2 25 6 38 10 12

Pulaski 5 19 2 37 6 50 10 28

Sandy Creek Jn. 5 30 2 48 7 02 10 40

GOING SOUTH—TRAINS LEAVE:

A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.

Sandy Creek Jn. 9 00 12 05 6 05 4 00

Pulaski 9 17 12 24 6 18 4 12

Holmesville 9 28 12 35 6 30 4 15

Union Square 9 39 12 47 6 42 4 32

Hastings 9 51 1 07 6 54 4 35

Mallory 10 02 1 19 7 05 4 38

Central Square 10 14 1 25 7 17 4 45

Syracuse 10 26 1 37 7 30 4 50

The clock in the Superintendent's office at Syracuse is the Standard Time, and will be regulated by New York Central time.

J. W. BROWN, Agent and General Manager

Syracuse, May 31, 1876.

Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg R. R.

1876. Winter Arrangement. 1876

On and after Monday, Nov. 17th, and until further notice, passenger trains will run on this road as follows, (Sundays excepted):

Leave Mexico, 8.42 a. m.; arrive at Rome, 10.40 a. m.; Union, 11.15 a. m.; Albany, 2.20 p. m.; New York, 7.00 p. m.

Leave Mexico 2.15 p. m.; arrive at Watertown 4.07 p. m.; Cape Vincent 5.09 p. m.

Leave Mexico 8.40 a. m.; arrive at Watertown 8.22 p. m.; Rome, 8.43 p. m.; Union, 9.15 p. m.; Albany